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[Pilgrims in the Desert.]

PILGRIMS OF THE DESERT.

Parched with thirst, and worn down by fatigue and dispirited and feverish, the pilgrims paused at last exhausted, and sat down on the arid soil of the desert. The aged father heard his head on his staff and groaned bitterly, for already he saw the seal of death on the face of his once beautiful daughter, who looked as if she could not survive, for another day, the agonies of thirst which had tortured them since their stock of water gave out. The servant girl was strongly affected by the sight, and folded his little hands sorrowfully on his breast. And then, on their faithful guide alone, accustomed to the privations of the desert, bald out, and stood leaning on his thick wooden lance, gazing across the sands to espy, if possible, a caravan or wandering party, to whom he might apply for succor. But in his bloodshot eyes and cracked lips was that even he suffered with extreme thirst. As far as the eye could see across the burning plain, there was nothing but sand, a very sand moving across the desert; while on all sides the hot air boiled in the sunbeams, and the line of the horizon seemed to undulate in the fervor of heat.

"My daughter," said the aged sire, "would God I could die for thee. Oh! for a cup of water—for a single drop to wet your parched tongue."

"Oh! what we had taken!" said the crusader, by way of idle, instead of passing on Egypt and venturing on this desert," he continued. "But God may have only intended this for our trial," he added, "a means yet love to see our own gay Lorine again."

An expression of acute agony passed over the father's face, but the girl only shook her head faintly, and cast her lack lustre eyes over the horrible expanse.

"Water—water—give me water," at this instant frantically shrieked the maid servant, who lay prostrate a pace or two from the main group, and panting raving on the sand, she displayed a countenance hideously distorted by suffering, the lips and tongue swollen and cracked open, and the eyes blood shot and protruding from the head. "Water, for God's sake give me water. Give me water, I say," she howled, rising and approaching her mistress, "or I will tear your heart from you and drink!" As she thus spoke her look and attitude were fierce and threatening, but her lips refused to support her, and, after tottering forward, she fell down in convulsions.

The father and guide shuddered as they beheld her, for they knew not how long it might be ere they would be called to endure the same extremity of suffering. Lorine closed the sad eyes for a space, she seemed dreaming. When she opened them again she said faintly,

"Oh! I have had such a terrible dream. I th might we reached a well. We rushed in drink. But, but—and the sheet was full of water. When we rose, the water sank into the sands. I woke, and found we were here."

Sorrow had used on her bosom, the father gave way, for the first time utterly to despair. Hot tears that scorched the flesh, chased each other down his cheeks; his honest heart was breaking, and he felt as if speedy death would be a relief. But he knew each was not to be their fate. Death, when it comes, would come lingeringly, and not until after hours, if not days of agony, that would rival the tortures of the rack. The daughter too, experienced the most intense agony. Once, death, even amid consoling friends, was terrible. To leave the sunny hills of France, and part from family, and one dearer than family forever, were then dreadful in her eyes; but such thoughts had now been given up, in the contemplation of the agonies of a death by thirst. She could, however, have met her own fate with comparative composure, but to see her parent, dying before her in excruciating torments, was more than she could endure.

An hour passed in silence. Often the eyes of the different members of the group would wander around the horizon, but the hopelessness of the look told the weak of sorrow. At last the latter spoke, and his voice had terribly changed during that hour.

"Let us pray," he said. "God will, perhaps, hear us in our extremity."

Every face was bowed reverently down, and even the child, fast sinking as he was, comprehended the act of devotion. He closed his eyes, and folded his little hands sweetly on his breast. And there, on that parching desert, from a spot where the voice of prayer first had been heard, there arose from the wilderness a sound like a sweet psalm to the Creator. The agonies of a breaking heart in a petition to his Maker. At the same time there was a silence of a minute while each soul continued bowed. The soldier was the first to speak. Looking up he found that those to whom his eyes mechanically around the horizon, but his flushed cheek and straining sight soon betrayed that he was once more sanguinely excited. He breathed quick and hard, and, for an instant, hesitated as if almost fearing to believe what he saw.

"I stand on the desert," he cried at last "and is at hand. I see a party of travellers. There—there," he continued, as all looked eagerly around, "in a line with the middle of my horse."

The daughter burst into a flood of tears; but the old man could not speak, though with difficulty and heaving on his staff, gazed across the desert until he beheld the travellers, then, lifting his eyes to heaven, he as fervently.

"I thank thee, Lord: my child will live!"

His emotion here choked him, and he was fain to lean his head on his staff. When he looked up, his face was wet with tears.

The party of travellers learned longer on the horizon every moment; but now the anxiety rose with the pilgrims lest they should not be observed. This suspense, however, was terminated before half an hour by the galloping of a horseman from the caravan toward them. Before an hour, the pilgrims were in the midst of the travellers, a party of well appointed men-at-arms belonging to the Crusading host. Water was instantly given, though in small quantities at first, to the sufferers, and before night even the little boy was restored to consolative strength.

The pilgrims had been bound to Jerusalem, and, taking their journey by way of Egypt, under the guidance of one of those soldiers who continually traversed the immense deserts with devotees under their charge, had been reduced to this dreadful strait, by the failure of their supply of water. Happily they were found by a party of knights returning from France; and years after, the daughter, now married to the object of her long, bold the story of her sufferings to her assembled children, while their grandsire looked on approvingly.

Original Tales.

SHE'S NOBODY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ZEKE WEEB.

"I wonder at Clara Benson for associating with that Margaret Warwick," said Miss Sarah Hen work, with a laughably toss of the head.

"I wonder at it too. She's nobody!" said Susan Jones.

"While Clara Benson is a lady; her father was a lawyer, and her grandfather went to Congress; and she is quite rich; the shop-keepers say she always pays the best prices, and you can see how splendidly she dresses.

"I am—but rather odd—entirely too plain for her reading in life. I wonder Miss Benson is not glad on every way; and though all you say of her family is true, still she is no better than other folks and need not take on herself airs.

"Now I do really think," rejoined Sarah Henwick, "that she visits Margaret Warwick only to show off on me. But some folks will see where they will end—even if they do hold their heads so high.

Sarah Henwick and her companion were daughters of very respectable people in the pretty village of Manchester—but as their parents did not belong to either the aristocratic or most refined society, and as both girls had a sufficiency of vanity and envy, their lives were made unhappy by their desire to be considered into what was called, in that place, the aristocratic circle. To be acquainted with Mrs. Bennport, the Minister's rich mother, or to have the Ex-Governor Hallock on your visiting list, formed the height of their ambition.

Of this small and select circle, into whose honorable ranks two rich young ladies had recently been introduced, Clara Benson was the chief ornament. She was unaffectedly polite to all, and the farthest possible from being haughty. Her position, as well as the love with which all classes generally regarded her, seemed to bring deserved peace to her light, where the possessors, by poverty or otherwise were prevented from becoming known. Thus she had excluded a strong friendship for Margaret Warwick, who, with her widowed mother, lived in a cottage at the end of the village on a small remains, of which nothing was known except that lawyer Johnson paid it to her every quarter, and refused to answer any questions respecting the source whence it came.

That one whose poverty was exhibited in her dress, though scrupulously neat dress, should be preferred before themselves, who were rich and sent to town for their bonnets, galled Sarah Henwick and Susan Jones to the quick, and these tongues were never idle in abusing poor Margaret or sneering, where they dared, against Miss Benson.

Margaret was not beautiful, but her face was the index of a kind and pure bosom; so that every one, not prejudiced against her, found a charm in her sweet and gentle looks. The choice of Miss Benson, which would have spoiled most girls so young as herself, did not disturb her equanimity. She was still the same loving and unselfish creature as before.

"Did you hear that Clara Benson's cousin was here last night?" said Sarah Henwick to her friend, her confidant, a few days after the preceding conversation. "There is to be a great party at Mansion House, and all the girls are going to set their caps for him."

"Oh! yes, I was just coming to tell you all about it. I have it from the best of sources, and it is not quite select, I assure you. What do you intend to wear?"

"They say Mr. Benson is very handsome."

"And rich!" rejoined Miss Jones. "He chooses any one she likes this bit of vanity, and Miss Henwick flattered herself in thinking how much prettier than Miss Jones common report said she herself was.

For several days little was talked of among the young ladies except the party at Marshall's. At last the expected evening arrived. Sarah Henwick and Susan Jones were both there—and as each was a showy girl, they had the gratification to attract and retain a considerable part of the notice of Mr. Benson and his friend, for the expected guest had brought no ill college friend down with him. Mr. Benson was universally pronounced one of the most elegant and affable of men, for he danced with most of the leading belles and indeed seemed bent on making a good impression. His friend, Mr. Churchill, was more reserved, but he had an air of great dignity, and was evidently a man of superior mind. Neither Miss Benson nor Margaret Warwick were present, for the former was unflagged, and the latter had not been invited on the two friends had the field to themselves, and as they were really the handsomest girls in the room, their triumph was complete. Mr. Benson left Sarah Henwick's home, while his friend offered his arm to Susan Jones.

For several days the vanity of the two girls suffered no check. Mr. Benson had called frequently on Sarah Henwick, who, giddy and vain, already began to build daydreams on what she would be when the wife of Clara Benson's rich cousin. Susan Jones was not willing that her friend should be ahead of her, so she also contrerted the occasional visits of Mr. Churchill into something serious, and began to look with scorn on some of her former friends, for regret said that he was even more wealthy than his friend, and a lawyer of high reputation, though yet comparatively young.

The first check to the vanity of the two girls was on occasion of a party given by the Shoebucks, which was to be the last party of the season. Mr. Benson was partially appointed when Mr. Benson, calling in the next day for a few minutes, expressed his regret at not having met her. He had scarcely gone, however, when Susan Jones made her appearance, boiling with indignation and wrath.

"Who do you think was at the party last night?" she said, scarcely waiting to take breath, and speak up rapidly and almost incoherently, while her friend was hospitably busied in untying her bonnet strings.

Sarah Henwick mentioned a dozen persons by name.

"Oh! to be sure—all those of course," interrupted her friend hastily; "but who else?"

"Not Margaret Warwick!"

"Yes! Margaret Warwick!"

"Impudent!" exclaimed Sarah Henwick, dropping the bonnet with surprise.

"Yes! and Mr. Churchill; they say, danced with her nearly the whole evening, and Susan Jones, ready to cry with mortified vanity and vexation.

Mr. Benson was just here" her friend could not help remarking with ill concealed exultation, "and he said how sorry he was not to have seen me there last night. I merely replied that I and the Shoebucks did not visit.

"Oh! you needn't think to rejoice over me," said Sarah Henwick to them was beaten by such flashing eyes, she addressed her friend as follows:

"But that can't all. They say Mr. Benson was much more fascinated with her than they are engaged for some, and have been for a year. And old Mr. Bennport is said to have remarked that he only came to see us village girls—did you ever hear such impudence!—when Clara banished him as she does every morning, for there you know she works for the poor.

At these words, delivered in a tone of triumph, Sarah Henwick's cheek turned pale with anger. The friends well understood each other, and knew what various feelings rankled in their bosoms; they saw, and hesitated, to their duty of Clara Benson and their hatred of Margaret Warwick. On this latter person, therefore, their fell fury fell.

"And I suppose that Margaret Warwick thinks she is going to get Mr. Churchill—the vain, upstart minx!" said Sarah Henwick, after a pause, during which she smoothened her rage for the time best, being too pained to betray her feelings at what she had heard of Miss Benson. "I don't know what we are coming to, and she no better than a beggar, and so simple looking as a lad.

"I'm sure I don't think you for Mr. Churchill," said Susan Jones, tossing her head. "As for his being so rich, I don't believe a word of it. He is only a poor young lawyer, come down here to pick up a wife with money.

Then both heartily marry Margaret Warwick, said Sarah Henwick, pointedly.

"Oh! to be's only flirting with her. She'll repent her folly yet, but when it's too late. She'd better could be expected of her, for folks do say strange things of her mother; and I'm sure it is not to her credit that she lives all by herself, for her to be continually on the dues, nobody knows from whom."

And that these malignant girls revenge their unrelated vanity on the head by robbing of the fair fame of their innocent rival and her excellent parent. Had either Sarah Henwick or her friend known the secret of the admiration with which Miss Margaret had inspired Mr. Churchill, they would have been ready to have fallen their tongues off with vexation.

Attired in a simple white dress, with a single white rose in her luxuriant dark hair, among the side of the hills, and many of the village, which, commencing a considerable distance from the cottage of Mrs. Warwick, and seen at twice, in the moonlight evenings, he and Margaret were noticed walking under the avenue of elms that skirted the poetry church.

"Rejoice with me," said Mr. Churchill at length, breaking into his friend's room one day, with almost boisterous gaiety, a moment of mirth he was rarely seen in. "I am the happiest of men. Miss Warwick has acknowledged that she reciprocates my love, and she is the best and loveliest of her sex!"

"Always excepting my sweet cousin, the future Mrs. Harry Benson," said his friend with a quiet smile, calmly knocking the ashes from his cigar.

Churchill smiled too, for he saw his friend was inclined to quiz him, as even a man's best friend, they say, is inclined to on such occasions.

"Then excepting Clara Benson," he said. "We will draw no comparisons between our future wives. But I can say, if I was not about to marry Miss Warwick, I should envy Harry Benson his bride."

"And I can say the same of sweet, loveable Margaret, who is an angel, if such things be on this earth. Mad fascinity do I congratulate you on the possession of such a treasure, and I know Clara will weep for joy when she hears of your success, for Margaret is shrinking delicacy has led her always to avoid your name, and Clara, no later than last night, said she could not venture to say what her friend's sentiments respecting you were. But now I must go to acquaint dear Clara with the news."

When Mr. Benson called on Miss Jones, he said,

"I met Miss Jones on the poor just now, and she looked as saltry as a thunder cloud. That girl will bring an action of breach of promise against you yet."

"Why, I never went there but three or four times; and then only because you insisted I should, lest the people here might call us proud. She is a shrew! but empty girl, and full at the most ranching envy."

"You have sketched her character exactly. But do you know she calls Margaret a melody?"

Churchill smiled. "Because she is poor, and her mother is a stranger. But Mr. Warwick before he failed, was anything but a nobody."

And Churchill, with whom I loved it better a while out of closer mischief, because I saw she was vain and pretty dog, vows you are a hallowtawed gallant, and I a personing, stuck-up fop—ha! ha!"

"I fancy," said Churchill, with a quiet smile, "that Margaret will, with her narrow mind and purse-proud importance, is the real melody."

Original Poetry.

LINES

Written on Entering the Narrows below New York in September, 1845.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Hail Columbia's radiant stars!
The glorious gift of haughty Mars—
The banner of the free and brave,
Proudly streaming o'er the wave;
He who visits freedom's shore,
And views that banner lofty soar;
Feels his heart expand within,
To claim a portion of her ground;
To hail her as he children's friend,
Adopted mother of his own.
To do homage to their liberty true—
Too proud to be a tenant's slave.
To dash the name of Subject down,
And write upon the tablet of fame,
Scorning to own an Empire's Lord,
The master of his heart or sword;
But give that heart's best dregs for free,
That vaunted boon of liberty.
And yield they foes with freedom's zeal,
The keenest pursuers of his steel;
For Columbia's sake,
Hail her foe's hatred in fair lot;
Hero's of the ages past,
Whose fame eternally will last
Worshipped, chief on glory!
Time shall fail to date thy story?
For though from earth thy spirit fled,
The beacon of thy fame shall shed,
A comet brightness o'er the world;
Till tyranny is done her relief
And memory shall enshrine the name,
Of each high hearted patriot sage;
And freedom shall crown a dome,
In which all earth may find a home
Adoring ages view this fane,
And call for blessings on the name.

L. E. DESTINEE.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER FORTY-EIGHT.

GENOA—ITS SITUATION AND APPEARANCE—FESTIVAL OF A SAINT—PALACES—IMPRESSIONS OF ITALY.

Genoa, August 30, 1845.

Have you ever seen some grand painting of a morning with its domes and towers, and palaces from the edge of a glorious bay, shut in by mountains—the whole steal in those deep, delicious, golden tones which you admire so much in the pictures although they seem unrealized in Nature? If so, you can figure to yourself Genoa as she looked to us at sunset, from the battlement's west of the city. When we had passed through the gloomy gate of the fortress that guard the western entrance, and the whole scene opened at once on us in all its majesty. It looked to me like a real Arabian Night's Entertainment painting. The battlements where we were standing, and the blue mirror of the Mediterranean just below, with a few vessels moored near the shore, made up the foreground; next in front lay the queenly city, stretching out to the water's edge, and like a great amphitheatre in this point, crowned with the towers and dome of a Cathedral representing the nucleus, while the tall gradually widened and was last among the hills—a hollow villas that reached to the top of the mountains behind. A mole runs nearly across the mouth of the harbor, with a light-house at each end, leaving only a narrow passage for vessels. As we landed in a purple glare lay on the bosom of the sea, while far beyond the city, the eastern half of the mountain-crescent around the gulf was lined with the loveliest hue of the violet. The impressions which one derives from looking on remarkable scenery, depend more than half on the state of mind and body for rides—owing to which this respect in two instances, and shall carry with me through life, two glorious pictures of very different character—the one mild sublimity of the Storm in cloud and storm, and the "soft splendid" of sunset in an Italian ocean.

Genoa has been called the "city of palaces," and it well deserves the appellation. Row above row of magnificent mansions rise one behind another, along the side of the hills, and many of the streets, the narrow and crooked, are entirely filled with the splendid dwellings of the former nobility. All the nobles of the republic in its days of wealth and power, when it could cope successfully with Venice, and Davis could threaten to bridle the bosom of St. Mark. At present its condition is far different; although not so fallen as its rival, it is but a shadow of its former self—its life and energy is possessed as a republic, but withered away under the grasp of tyranny.

I must not forget to describe to you the procession which hustled at us my last letter. On entering the gate we saw from the concourse of people and the many banners hanging from the windows or floating across the streets, that it was the day of a Saint. Before entering the city we reached the procession itself, which appeared to be one of unusual solemnity. As it was impossible in the dense crowd, to pass it, I struggled through till I reached a good point for seeing the whole, and moved on with it till I reached the city. First went a company of boys in white robes; then followed a body of friars, dressed in long black cassocks, and with shaven crowns; then a company of soldiers, with a band of music; then a body of nuns, wrapped from head to foot in blue robes, bearing only a small space to see out of—in the dusk they looked very solemn and ghastlike and their low chant had to me something singularly startling and unpolitical in it; then followed another company of friars, and after that a great number of priests in white and black robes bearing the statue of the saint, and a pyramid of flowers, crosses, and blazing wax tapers, and companies of military monks and music, brought up the rear. Armed guards walked at intervals on each side of the procession, to keep the way clear and prevent disturbance; as the concourse was very long, there were two or three bands playing, alternating with the deep monotonous chanting of the friars. The whole scene, finely lighted by the wax tapers, produced in me a feeling nearly akin to fear, as if I was witnessing some ghastly or earthly spectacle. In cities like this, however, where they never every few weeks, the people must be well accustomed to them.

"Among the most interesting objects in Genoa, is the Doria palace, fit in its splendor for a monarch's residence. It stands on the Strada Nova, one of the three principal streets, and I believe is still in the possession of the family. There are many others through the city scarcely less magnificent, among which that of the Durazzo family may be pointed out. The American consulate is in one of these old edifices, with a fine court-yard, and ceilings covered with frescoes. Mr. C. F. Lester, the consul, is now absent on a visit to the United States; his place is filled by Mr. Moses, an Italian gentleman, to whom we are indebted for many attentions. There is a vessel from New York lying in the harbor, which sails to-morrow. If Italy was not before me, I should be half tempted to embark in her.

And this reminds me that the feelings with which I look on this lovely land, are fast changing. What with the dust and heat, and cheating landlords, and the dull places of Lombardy, my first experience was not very prepossessing. I was not exactly disappointed, but then one always has in his head a little better than he has pictured to himself. The joyous and romantic anticipation with which I looked forward to realizing the dream of my earliest boyhood, is now beginning to be surpassed by the existing reality. Every breath I take in this city of Columbus and Doria, is deeply interfered with the magic of history and charm. And when I think of Florence and the valley of the Arno, and the Eternal City—Ha! I will not anticipate.

"Italia tes, Italia" looking on thee,
Full Rasbora on the seat the light of ages,
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost was thee,
To the last hole of the chiefs and sages
Who glorify the consecrated pages?
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires."

I am going this evening on board the "Virgilio," for Leghorn, and must therefore close this short epistle. Then, for the next hear of me, perhaps I shall be in the lovely Florence, enjoying her unrivalled stores of art.

Yours, truly, J. R. T.

Salmagundi.

OUR PRESENT CONGRESS.

A Washington correspondent makes the following amusing synopsis of the heterogeneous appearance of the various members constituting that honorable body known as the Congress of the United States—the body representative of the collective wisdom of our common country.

In the present Congress we have our White man, two Black men, two Brown men, and one Green man, one Bright man and one Strong man, and one Young man. The fishes are represented by a Sturgeon—the birds of the air by three Martins; the barn yard fowls by a Cock; the horses by a Bolder, and the vegetables by a Leek and a Root. The working animal interests are represented by a Sawyer, a Reaper, and two Millers; the mechanical interests by one Smith, one Wright, one Taylor, one Wicker, that is to say Weaver; the retail dealers are represented by three Chapmen, the wood cutters by a Chapman. There is a considerable spice of royalty in this Assembly, for it boasts of no less than three Kings. The Indians are represented by a Tell, the mariners by a Bowditch, the sporting element by a Hunter and an Archer and a Chase. The Church is represented by an Abbot and a Cowper, a Friend and a Bell; the musical interests by a Harper and a Gardner; the early risers, I believe, that is represented in the Hudson; but among the towns there are two Bostons, two Hartfords, one Boston, one Hemingtons, and one Bellington, one Cranston, Hempstead, Hoosick, Pendleton, Moultrie. The hard money men are represented by Specie and Price; the paper men by Scarborough; the agricultural interests by a Fairfield and a Marsh; the foresters by a Hay and a Hayward, a Wildfowl, a Woodward, a Husband, and internal improvements by a Hoad and a Bridge.

There now! What republic in the world can boast such a Congress. See them all at work. Why one would think they could run paper, build a light, farm, and work up Oregon all right, in five minutes.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

There is a land immortal,
The beautiful land of light:
Beside its ancient portal
A sentry greatly stands.
He ceils not rests by day,
And sports with the dust,
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortals never more.

That glorious land is Heaven,
And death the sentry gives
The Lord thereof less given
The spring he bade to live,
And ransomed spirits sailing,
And ransomed in sin,
Do pass the gate in spring,
And freely enter in.

Though dark and dense the passage
That lendeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To smile that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing;
They're blessed in their tears;
Their journey homeward winging,
They leave on earth their fears.
They leave on earth their tears,
Death has no sigh nor wail,
"We welcome thee!" they cry;
Then here with glory beneath,
Tis life for them to die.

☞ Taking the young and old together, it is found that twenty-six years is the average age at which people die in London and seventeen in Liverpool. Among the working population in Liverpool who live in cellars, one person in every twenty-five is annually attacked by fever.

ECONOMY AND MANNERS.—There is some difference between these, as the following anecdote will shew. A wealthy German from Eastern Pennsylvania, named Z——, purchased the village of Harmonie, on the Ohio, from the followers of Mr. Rapp and his associates who had built it, left for the Wabash. Although a keen, sagacious business man, he could hardly read, and his writing extended no further than to sign his name; but having had one of his sons qualified in those accomplishments so far as to keep his accounts by single entry, he deceived that business on him.

One day the old man being absent from home, a man named Musselman in his employ and family, while engaged in raising a barn, fell with a heavy piece of timber across him, which broke his leg, as well as inflicted other injuries. As soon as the poor fellow was brought home on a litter it was suggested to Mrs. Z. that a physician should be sent for. "Dat's true," remarked the prudent lady—"Apo," her son Abraham—"you look of the book and see if dere is any ting goein to Musselmans." Apo accordingly examined the account and found it suspected, and after hunting up all the charges and credits to see musslin, out of a day-book which contained the original entries of accounts with those boarded patrons, at last, it was ascertained finally, that there were some three dollars due the sufferer, who was lying unattended to all this time. "Well, den," said the prudent lady, "give him a younger son.—Sam, you run for the doctor, and dell him to goes to Musselman, not ton't forget to dell him we won't buy more dan so on de ponder."

Appropriate Poem.

TO SPRING.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

Oh then delicious Spring!
Nursed in the lap of this and subtle showers,
Which bid those clouds that lift their sorcery wing
From odorous beds of light-exhaled flowers,
And long caressed heaven.
That ever greasy wafts their gossamer fling,
Come, gentle Spring!

Then lower of young wind,
That comest from the invisible upper sea
Breath fair sky, which smiles, in its white foam kissed,
And, settling in the trees deliciously,
Makes young leaves dance with glee,
Even in the tooth of that old, sober bird,
Winter calmed.

Come to us, for then art
Like the fine love of children, gentle Spring!
Touching the cursed feeling of the heart,
Or like a virgin's pleasant welcoming:
And then dost ever bring
A tide of gentle hot reactions set
Upon the heart.

Red Autumn from the South
Contends with Winter, and his cheek is fair,
And, settling in the trees deliciously,
Makes young leaves dance with glee,
Even in the tooth of that old, sober bird,
Winter calmed.

Come to us, for then art
Like the fine love of children, gentle Spring!
Touching the cursed feeling of the heart,
Or like a virgin's pleasant welcoming:
And then dost ever bring
A tide of gentle hot reactions set
Upon the heart.

Red Autumn from the South
Contends with Winter, and his cheek is fair;
What are his purple stained and rosy mouth,
And lowered cheeks, to thy full cheek and lip,
And timid, pleasant glow,
Giving earth greeting flowers their primal growth,
And greenest youth?

Gay Summer conquers thee;
And yet he not the hearty earth at thee!
What is his ever-streaming, fiery sea,
To the pure heart which thou dost fill alive?
Thou sensest most divine,
What may his dull and lifeless monotony
Have to vie with thee?

Come, sit upon the hills,
And bid the sinking streams leap down their sides,
And gather them in lakes, and bid the stunted pine
And white the stars upon the sky shall glide,
And crowned Dian ride.
I see will breathe of thy delicious thrills,
Oh gentle Spring!

Alas! bright Spring, not long
Shall I enjoy thy pleasant influence:
For then shall for the Summer heat sweep,
Subdued to vapor in his fire intense,
And, gone forever hence,
Exist no more: no more to earth belong,
Except in song.

So I who sing shall die
Were unto death. perchance, by care and sorrow:
And fainting thus with an unconscious sigh,
And eyes that grow both dim and glassy,
Which now sometimes I lament,
And breathe a request lower and more high,
Ceasing to sigh!

Choice Tale.

THE EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS.

BY MRS. C. H. FORD.

"How shrilly the storm whistles around the corner of the house, Ellen sweet, I feel better when I sit back to the steel patterning fastenly against the casement! Oh! the poor—what sudleings must be there on such a night as this."

The speaker was one in whom such language would have seemed a common exit strange. She was seated with great comfort apparently amounting to opposiness, and his broad forehead and handsome face betrayed none of the horrors of care. Ellen courted, and as yet a stranger to sorrow. Charles Harcourt had still a heart open to the miseries of this less favoured fellow beings and now, as he sat before the cheery fire in that luxurious parlor, his thoughts turned involuntarily to the homeless outcasts who might be wandering the street. His words were partly in soliloquy, and partly addressed to a lady who sat opposite him on the sofa, her head but bowed in the soft velvet Turkey cushion, and her pencil rapidly and with exquisite taste. Her face was lovely, surpassingly lovely, with regular features, and eyes, eyelashes, and forehead of classic beauty. A small chain of gold crossed her brow, fastened in front by a diamond of great price, which also clasped and held in its place a rich lace veil from the look with which Harcourt turned toward her, that his heart had been touched, if not overcome by her beauty, but the words died away, and replied,

"Yes! poor wretches—I fear enough has not been done for them this winter. You don't know, Mr. Harcourt, how my heart has bled, during the experience of the past month, at the misery, the tears and abjury of the suffering. Such scenes of destitution and sickness. Oh! I shudder even to mention them, but I have kept my eyes with my hands, as if to shut out some disagreeable object. Harcourt's fine eyes expressed deeper admiration at this evidence of sensibility and kind feeling than silence perhaps her feelings would have learned him into the declaration he had been long meditating. But there was a third party in the room, whom he had therefore forgotten, though to let them proposed to her cousin was the usual lute of Miss Melville. And yet, when our cousin to look at her, the causes of this neglect seemed doubtful. True, she was not an epitome of beauty, but a pretty, soft, dove-like eyes shone with an expression which seemed more angelic than earthly, and her whole countenance impressed the beholder with feelings of purity and love. She was sitting at a table, a little apart, busily plying her needle, and seemed to take no part in the conversation, though when her cousin answered Harcourt, she started and looked up, first at her and then at him, and catching the expression on his face, she turned deadly pale. Bending over her work to hide her feelings, she resumed silent and almost unconscious of what was going on, until Harcourt rose to take his leave.

"You have been quite still to-night, Edith," he said, "but I shall be ill used if that beautiful pair of slippers you are working. I never knew before you loved embroidery."

Edith blushed, and without raising her eyes, replied quietly,

"They are not for myself."

Harcourt colored and it was evident from his manner that what he heard was from some cause, unexpected to him. He looked inquiringly at Clara, and then answered,

"Wherever the person is, Miss Edith, he has great reason to be proud, and would be even more so if he knew how devoted you have been to your work," and without waiting for a reply, he bowed to both ladies and left the room, without noticing the flash of triumph in Clara's eyes. The instant the door closed on him, Edith sprung from her seat, and left the parlor by the opposite entrance, while Clara flung herself again on the sofa, and following her cousin with her looks, burst into what she had departed, into a clear, ringing, exulting laugh. Edith, the instant she left the parlor, burst into tears, and hurrying up stairs locked herself in her room. Then flinging herself passionately on her bed, she wept as if her heart would break.

"Edith! cruel, cruel," she sobbed, "to tell me I am working the slippers for another, when only he is in my heart. He little knows that I am embroidering them to raise a few dollars to assist another in her poverty. And Clara! heartless Clara! to talk about her sympathy for the destitute when she will not subscribe for one almost second mother, who is now sick and in poverty. Could Charles only know the truth!" and she wept afresh.

Edith, unlike her cousin, was not an heiress, for the little pittance left by her deceased parent barely sufficed for her most necessary wants; and had not her uncle offered her a home, her scanty annuity would have been insufficient even for these. Thus, though her heart was as open as day to charity, she had no way of relieving the necessitous, unless by the manufacture and sale of such articles as the embroidered slippers on which she had been working that evening. These were intended, as her self-imposed task, to relieve the wants of a sick, and perhaps dying old servant, who had formerly been a nurse in her father's family, and was now in the same depth of poverty.

Our readers have already suspected the state of Edith's heart. Her love for Harcourt had grown up insensibly to herself. He had long been in the habit of visiting at her uncle's, and for awhile his attentions had been equally divided between Clara and her cousin. And his warm heart, high intellectual and extensive acquirements rendered him just the person to win the heart of such a girl as Edith. She would sit for hours listening to him as in frequent conversation, never speaking unless spoken to, but busily plying her needle. Nor did she become aware of the nature of her feelings for Harcourt until the increased particularity of his attentions to Clara awakened her to the fact that she loved him. Then she strove against her passion; but alas! it had become so interwoven with her gentle heart that only death could sever it.

Clara had long decided to become the wife of Charles Harcourt, for his standing in society was high, and his fortune almost that of a millionaire. She had early seen that he wavered between her cousin and herself, and all her arts had been exerted to win the prize. She, therefore, assumed feelings she did not entertain, as in the conversation we have just recorded, and, at length by such flagellery, assumed to her extraordinary and striking beauty, she succeeded so far as to regard her ultimate triumph certain. She, therefore, announced her fiat to the astonishing laugh with which she saw Edith depart from the parlor.

The next day Charles Harcourt called, and invited the cousins to go with him to a beneficial concert that evening. Edith would have declined, but her self-imposed task, besides her uncle, who was present, insisted on it. After the concert there was an address for the poor, to be followed by a collection. The speaker was one of the most eloquent men in the city, and on this occasion he surpassed himself. The enthusiasm of the audience was perceptible when the plates were passed through the assembly. Many who had left their purses at home, took off their rings and threw them down for alms. Among these persons was Clara, who drew a valuable diamond from her finger, and then gave it away. Harcourt saw the action, and was sadly resolved to wait on the committee in the morning and redeem the ring, and with this benevolent design glanced at Edith to see what would be her offering. Ignorant of her pecuniary situation, he was with disgust that she merely looked sad, and suffered the plate to pass on, though a deep blush mantled her cheek.

"How cold!" was the inward ejaculation of Harcourt. "well! have I chosen between the two. But selfish as she is, she has yet the feeling of delicacy. Edith could not have given nothing, and when she returned home she spent the night in tears.

The next morning Edith entered the parlor with a note in her hand.

"Clara," she said, "she has got the poor woman who waits on her to write it. She is falling fast, and wishes, dear Clara, to see you, for you are the only one not forgotten when we both went to her arms together."

"I cannot go," said Clara petulantly, "for ear ache is one of the penalties and the more so I have been deep on the ground. I wouldn't walk out in the weather, to the duty one whose face I have not seen in the spot where stood that whose destruction it witnessed; and now thousands, when they raise their eyes to accusation—what's the clock, are thus warned of the dread fate of those other thousands who thus so suddenly preceded them to the dim, cold home to which we are all so speedily hastening."

STAPLE ECCENTRICS.—A good story is told of Washington Irving. Some time ago, in Worcester county, Massachusetts. He was once arraigned for horse stealing, and was supposed to be connected with a gang of villains. He was seen buying contributions on all the stables round about. Many informments were held out to White to reveal the secrets of his associates, but he remained a frigid silence. An assurance from the Court was at last obtained, that he should be discharged, upon telling something under oath, all he knew of his accomplices. The jury were accordingly suffered to bring in a verdict of "not guilty." White was called upon for the promised revelations. "I shall be faithful to my word," said he, "understand me, then, thy deed of the only daughter of her sex, who have been a great white in partnership,—you have acquitted me and you may hang him—if you can catch him."

EXCELLENT.—A well known take sitting in Derry Lane Theatre, beside a very pretty girl, was heard to say the other day as this, go—but exceedingly so if she did not or would not hear him; but as he became more bold and impudent she at last turned round and said, with a regal and angry countenance—

"Be pleased to let me alone."

"Be not afraid," replied the girl with a smile—"I am a Jewess."

☞ The Colegan Gazette states that M. d'Hennebourg, a councillor of regency, has been arrested, charged with having removed his own daughter in a dungeon for seven years, feeding her only upon bread and water. The object of the monster was to secure some property to which she was entitled.

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☞ Mr. Lewis Ernest is our Agent for Petersburg, Va., in place of Mr. A. A. Bourdon, resigned. 4t

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Nobody," shall appear next week, with the correction in the author's name.

The poem on "Spring" has the fault of all the author's productions,—a true heart. However we will endeavor to find room for it. Such a poem always remains longer on our list than a short one. It is not every week we can find room for the former.

The poem of "J. C." and "A. D." have been received and shall duly appear.

The "DEATH OF ADELAIDE" is rejected in such perfect generality. We shall be happy to rank the fair author among our contributors.

"H. K." cannot appear.

"THE CONTENT ONE" is false in sentiment and careless in composition. It is not the author's service

We shall hold "R. & D." under advisement.

What has become of our friend, "The Lavern Bard?"

MAIL ROBBERIES.

Where central avenue crosses Jefferson, Kentucky line, which every traveler sees and the money extracted before them arrived. Yesterday we received such a letter from New Liberty, Green County, Ky. which we received another such from Garnett-ville, Mead County, Kentucky. On every several occasion lately letters were received at this office from Richmond, Ky., and the case of several others have been received. Some of it is very evident there is a regular conspirator in the vicinity, whom the Post Office department we trust will on forest soon. Cases we frequently occurring are by no means pleasant; and the robber, from a long moment, grows more daring. Our friends in Kentucky will be interested by Post Office receipt and notice, is fees for which will be found in another column.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We have been entertained by the absence of war or peace—no other tired you with homilies or remarks—and so often discovered we did! matter until we became disinclined to write about it. That you will feel refreshed, dear reader, if we now make a dash at something more pleasant and carry you away into brighter and more poetic fields. We are certain that you sometimes think us too matter of fact a personage—but for all that you are as fond of the "green fields and babbling brooks" as any of you; and though this dreary editorial life, this rotting down of little peculiarities and great crimes, this dulling out of "the wise saws and modern instances" of others, keeps us tied down to our office chair until our head aches and our eyes grow weary, yet oh! how we envy you who live in the free, open country, and how we long to fly from our prosy-ic cares to the breezy hills and gladsome meadows of the hills. This feeling has grown upon us of late, until it has become almost a mania. We have been never off them? Have you never thrown up the window at morning and felt the coming in of Spring? Have you never looked and felt the sweet summery air flow over your brow, feeling all the while that it was luxury merely to sweat the rejoicing blessing and to breathe the fragrance on the breeze?

Here little can those living in the country experience the ecstatic delight with which the weaned editor, penetrated by severe mental labor, sees the first gush of spring on his fevered forehead? We can not imagine the thrill of physical delight that sends through the frame. Perhaps now who has been long consumed with raging fever, and goes out at length on some balmy summer morning can fully understand the feeling we allude to. We have tasted both sensations. We have been sick almost unto death, (for so that our friends gave us up, and we heard—insensible as all thought us—our mother exclaim that God was about to take away her child,—and from that silence we have risen to sit up, staggered feebly out to drink in the delicious air, and to shed tears of happiness merely at seeing the sunshine. And we have also been worn out with mental exercise, until we have opened our window at midnight and hailed our burning head to the cool night air with a sensation of relief akin only to that utter feeling of ecstatic delight which we expect soon to newspaper from our sickbone. But yet, the very weariesomeness of this intellectual life grows on us and for returning spring, which we doubt whether you, who live always in the country, experience as we do! You must be in prison before you can fully know what a sweet thing is liberty. You must be pent up in a stifling town, and be entombed in unceasing mental toil, before you can feel as we feel at the sight of the first cruise, the thrill as we thrill to hear the earliest blue-bird of spring."

Who will dare to sneer at this love for nature? The man who is dead to the beautiful things of this earth—to its musical waters, its green pastures, its sparkling woods, and its starry heavens—must be in ever one of the finest sensibilities of his heart, and with it much of his purity. Never trust such a man! He is callous, selfish, cold-hearted—he is not a genial over with impenetrable worldliness! I was a wise providence in the Creator to fill the earth with beauty and incense, for we are thus drawn by an irresistible effect to love its beauties and better things than this life—to Heyhow at the time others we feel these emotions most acutely, for then it is that the heart is purest and most alive to all elevating impressions. Who has known when we *could not* see a star without a thrill. As we grow older, these sensations become weakened, but they never wholly lose their power, and we have heard that in old age, when the trust of worldliness begins to fall away from our hearts, and we grow more childish in spirit and purer in thought, these feelings return to us. They who never lose their love for nature, are always gentler and better men, and have more sympathy with our loving humanity. We need no argument to teach us that the beauty of this world is intended as a type of spiritual beauty, for it is written on our hearts, and no man can erase it thence! Go on, ye who love nature, and cultivate that feeling, for in the cold-hearted and skeptical sneer you not of it. Too many good things have been eradicated from your souls by calculus, but calling names is no argument. Beyond value indeed are the emotions of reverence which nature arouses, the right-feeling bowed, in his Form on Forest Worship.

"Ah, why,
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect God's ancient Sanctuaries, and adore
Creation of our own invention,
That now find hands and hearts?"

NEW DISEASE.

A terrible and hitherto unknown disease is said to have made its appearance in some parts of the State of New York. The Albany Democrat of the 11th ult. says:—Henry Wilder, of Greenville, in this county, died on yesterday morning after an illness of only a few hours. Several have died of a disease the most fearful and appalling. Physicians have no knowledge of the disease, and stand helpless witness to witness the patients struck down in a moment, and hurried to the tombs in a few hours. History gives no account of so terrible and fatal a malady. In all cases person attacked have died. Some twelve deaths have already occurred. The first symptoms are chilliness, severe vomiting, paroxysm, congestion of the brain, followed immediately by death."

PENNA. PUBLIC WORKS.

It is stated officially that the damage to the Pennsylvania public works by the late disastrous flood, will require an expenditure of about one hundred thousand dollars to repair—*and over six hundred and eighteen thousand.*

FOLLY OF CONGRESS.

It is now nearly four months since Congress met, and so far not one or two important acts have been passed. Nothing has been done of what is called a "business," and quite a respectable series of measures, most of them of considerable importance, have been introduced and left to slumber in the committees. Of the Tariff bill, the Treasury bill, the Independent Treasury bill, the Graduation bill, the Pre-emption bill, the Homestead bill, the Bankrupt bill, the Post Office bill, the Navy bill, the Harbor bill, the Territorial bills, the Oregon bill, the Texas bill, the Mexican bill, the Indian bill, the Naval Academy bill, the Mint bill, the Patent bill, the Copyright bill, the Judiciary bill, the Land bill, the Pension bill, the Revolutionary Claims bill, the Navy Pay bill, the Navy Half-pay bill, the Navy Grog bill, the Navy Flogging bill, the Navy Retiring bill, the Navy Court Martial bill, the Navy Dismissal bill, the Navy Promotion bill, the Navy Rank bill, the Navy Appointment bill, the Navy Examination

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Agents are respectfully solicited to make quick remittances, which will be duly acknowledged. Postmasters and others will always find our terms and time liberal. They will please to write their names and residences distinctly, and to which the paper is to be addressed.

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HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

At some subscribers have written to us on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:—

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding five dollars in amount) is paid, gives a certificate to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This certificate is sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presses it to the Post Master who issued the certificate.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to send a letter, and to him, with the consent of the parties, paying the money, is to be sent the letter or package, the receipt of which it is deposited, to the Post Master to whom the money is to be paid, and he is to pay it.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher is not authorized to break said letter, but he may break the letter containing the certificate, on the payment of money, in the Post Master at the place where the money is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

Post Office, Philadelphia, Pa., September 15, 1845.
Received from *John Hadley*, two dollars for subscription to the United States Saturday Post, for which I have deducted one per cent. and charged myself with the same, and have paid over the balance to the order of the above account. The Post Master at Philadelphia will not be liable for the letter, or the money contained therein, if not properly endorsed.
Signed JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

Post Office, Malton, Pa., September 17, 1845.
To the *Post Master at Philadelphia*:
Sir—I have received from *John Hadley*, two dollars for subscription to the United States Saturday Post, which I have deducted one per cent. and charged myself with the same, and have paid over the balance to the order of the above account. The Post Master at Philadelphia will not be liable for the letter, or the money contained therein, if not properly endorsed.
Signed JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

NOTES ON *Travellers on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Germany, Switzerland, and other parts of Europe during the present year*, by *Samuel Laing*, author of *Samuel Laing's Travels*, &c. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* 1845. This is a most valuable work for the American student of history, but it is something far more interesting and valuable. It is a repository of facts on the social and moral condition of the most prominent countries in Europe, their relative advance in civilization, and the sources of their present and future prosperity. The facts are particularly valuable, because collected by himself with great labor and research. The first volume, the first chapter of this volume, therefore, gives one a better idea of France as a whole, than a whole library of the ordinary run of ordinary travels. According to Mr. Laing, the character of the French people has undergone a change, since the last twenty years, and instead of being chiefly devoted to amusement and frivolity, they are now the most money-making and enterprising people of the continent of Europe. In reference to the much praised military and administrative system of France, he has entered into a large and in strong terms of disapproval. He thinks the first demonstration of a European war would be the ruin and waste of the Provinces. To use his own strong terms, the people of that nation are the most ill-fed, clothed and housed of any in the State religion of Europe, whether Catholic or Protestant, Mr. Laing alike despises the administrative system of Prussia, and the social condition of the United States, as the only one calculated to advance true religion. We recommend this volume as the best work extant on the present condition of Europe.

THE CHRISTIAN SCHOLAR. *No. 3. April. P. C. Wilson, No. 25 South Second Street, Philadelphia.* This is well a matter to us how the publisher can afford the quarterly little magazine for one dollar a year. In the present number are two embellishments. viz—a Portrait of the Rev. Mr. Fish in memoriam, and a Portrait of the Rev. Mr. Pierpont. The make up and good might to have immediate and signal success.

PRICE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD.—The publication of this valuable work has been resumed under more favorable auspices, and will be continued hereafter without further delay. Two numbers will be issued every month. Mr. Gillis is the new publisher, to whom all communications must be addressed, at 66½ Dock street.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE, *for April*, contains three embellishments, of which the first is by far the most beautiful. It is called "The First reading of the Scriptures in English," and represents a group of children gathered around the desk where, according to the old custom, the Bible is chained. First Fox's Martyrs. *No IV. E. Ferrett & Co.* We have here four Songs from the Opera of Linnet; viz: "Oh! Lady, Have I Sought Too Boldly," "Blame Her Not," "Oh, Hope, Have I Sought Too Boldly," and "How Had I Wronged Thee"? Price twenty-five cents.

THE TRAITOR'S BRIDE. *By Percy B. St. John. 1 vol. E. Ferrett & Co.* This is a story of the Florida Mountains, possessing more than ordinary interest. The readers of Simms will find it a pleasant book.

HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED FOLIO. *No. 32. Messrs. T. B. Peterson, Lindsay & Blakiston.* have furnished us with the fifty second number of Harper's Bible.

Casualties.

EF An affecting accident occurred at Hancock, in Delaware county, N. Y., on the 15th ult., causing the death of four interesting children. Three children of Mr. Alvin Thomas, the eldest about four years, another of twelve, and a boy of six years, with a daughter of James Lewis, aged about ten, and a daughter of Smith Martin, aged about eight years, were playing on a small pond covered with ice, which suddenly gave way, and all the children were drowned. Mr. Martin succeeding in getting out. The boy, like a little hero, seeing his sister struggling in the water, and the others carried away amid them, when he was either pulled or slipped in, and shared the fate of those he was attempting to succor.

EF The Bridgeton (N. J.) Chronicle states that the schooner engaged canal boat "Peter" sunk in the Delaware River, in the neighborhood of Salem, on the 10th inst. Capt. Hyde, and two of the crew, Richard Leger, of Bloomingdale, Burlington co., and a boy named Patrick, were drowned. John Evans, another of the crew, was the only one that escaped, and he preserved his life in clinging to one of the masts of the vessel, before six hours, when he was taken off by a passing vessel.

EF Two other day at Pittsburg a little girl, daughter of John McGraw, at Fountain street, aged three years and three months, was burned so badly by her clothing taking fire, that she survived only three hours. Its mother being nearly distracted, was obliged to be removed from the house. If mothers would use the comfortable fastening of their daughters in woollen instead of cotton clothing such accidents would be less effective and horror less frequently.

EF Mr. George Smith, of Manchester, Mass., was found on the 30th inst., in the woods in that place, by the accidental discharge of his gun. He survived but a few hours, the contents of the barrel having entered the skull, near the right eye. It is supposed to have disturbed the aim of the act of loading—his gun being a double-barrelled one, and the reverse being in one barrel when found.

EF The last freshet on the Susquehanna has caused the loss of several lives. Frederick Hotchkiss, Esq., of Windsor, Broome county, N. Y., an old, wealthy and respected citizen of that town, was drowned on Wednesday last, while attempting to cross the little creek which empties into the Susquehanna at that place. The western stage with the driver and three passengers, names not known, were swept off in attempting to cross the Owego bridge on Wednesday last week. The fourth passenger escaped to tell the tale. It is also reported that three or four little children at Elmira Theatre, on the occasion of the conflagration, were lost, having been carried off on a cake of ice.

EF The Prairie Cooper Tribune states that a few days ago a fatboat, supposed to have been owned in Louisiana, was discovered in Missouri above that place, floating down with the current, and in all apparent safety, when it suddenly disappeared beneath the water, every person on board of it perished. One cry of horror escaped from the unfortunate victims as the boat went down, and instantly they heard a watery grave.

EF Mrs. Wm. Roland went to the river Ohio near Hanover Landing, a few days ago, to obtain a bucket of water, and fell down the steep bank into the river and was drowned.

EF Dr. Hostmeliorger, of Baltimore, was thrown from his carriage a day or two ago, and injured so severely, that he died in a few hours.

Foreign News.

ONE DAY LATER.

By the arrival at New York of the packet ship Yorkshire, we have intelligence from England to the 7th of March. A synopsis of the correspondence relative to the Oregon question, will be found in the last received England, and to which Mr. Buchanan refused to refer the Oregon question to arbitration, and which was considered by the English papers as a most unwise, and indeed quite candid step in their tone.

The Queen Dowager had arrived out with the Oregon native resolutions, that had passed the House of Representatives. They increased the war feeling in England.

The English and French funds were depressed in consequence of the above news, but subsequently the English money market had slightly improved.

The Irish papers of the 25 ult. are entirely barren of news. They are filled with accounts of the state of the country, and the state of the crops.

In order to close the feeling in England, caused by this news, we copy the following paragraphs from the London Times, of the 6th March:

(From the London Sun, March 4, P. M.)

All that England has to do is to look to her own interests and take care that the next session of parliament are not destroyed by the incantation. Hitherto, and for the last few sittings, we have been a nation of Sabbatarians, whether we look to the government, the legislature, or the press. With the exception of a very few hasty articles in the English newspapers, the proceedings of the Russian Diet are almost totally proclaimed by members in both houses of parliament, and not one ground of provocation has been given by the American Government. In the history of mankind it would be impossible to point out a nation more anxious than the English are at the present moment to remain at peace, and avoid all cause of quarrel with America. If the last resort then must be asserted it, we have here, as on the banks of the Delaware, right on our side.

Since writing the above, we learn, by another arrival from New York, that the proceedings in relation to England that the joint occupation of the Oregon shall cease in a twelvemonth, has created no good feelings. This is only what was expected, and we have already anticipated after the position of affairs.

From the London Times, March 4:

The news from America, published this morning, took the city completely by surprise, and created a kind of alarm. Down at the Council, from which they just slightly recovered at all in the course of the day. The Queen's Speech, which on Monday night at one side, was generally considered to be the most pacific of documents, and which, on the exception of this very marked effect, it undoubtedly is, failed to collect in detail any opinions respecting this news. People here are mostly disposed to regard the matter in the same light as in the Senate. But the most serious question discussed is what is to be done? Is the country likely to be taken by our government, should the notice to abandon the Oregon Territory be followed by any overt act, whether such notice would be followed by an immediate declaration of war, or by a short interval? Will the country be warned till the twelve months had expired. From observations that have been made, it is evident that the government are not disposed to exercise any extraordinary powers, and therefore the feeling which the event has produced, seems on the whole, rather general.

Miscellaneous News.

CREEK PRESERVATIVE COFFEE.—When the Hon. Samuel Houston was in Philadelphia, a few months since, it was found that some chalk-marks which had been made on the copper more than a year before, remained all their freshness, and that the copper beneath these marks had not been at all worn, but retained its original thickness. It follows from this, that the chalk had a preservative effect upon it, and it may prove a very important discovery. To test the protective properties of chalk under such circumstances, the copper of a vessel just built has been chalked all over.

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Fires.

EF A disastrous fire occurred at Marshall, Mich., on Sunday, the 15th ult., just after the hour of evening worship had passed. The flames were first discovered issuing from the dry goods store of Mr. C. F. Noble, on the south side of the street from thence to the adjoining stores, tenanted by Mr. C. F. Haskell & Co., and Herman Degraf, together with a large grocery and provision store were consumed. Mr. Noble loses $4,000, on which he has an insurance of $2,000; Messrs. Haskell & Co. $12,000, on copper of a vessel just built has been chalked all over.

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General News.

EF Some of the Boston papers report that a son of the Hon. Romulus Saunders, of North Carolina, at his home, detained in the Lunatic Hospital at Somerset, N. H. He recently took the cars at that place to Boston, sometimes when have seen Mr. Saunders, have great doubt whether he is sufficiently insane to be exempted from punishment, if indeed a case at all. A person purporting to be a nephew from the physician of the hospital, he broke from his keepers, and escaped him away from the hospital, and escaped him away from the hospital, and escaped him away from the hospital

Selected Poetry.

THE OLD WASHERWOMAN.

Among yon lines her hands have laden,
A laundress with white hair appears,
Alert as many a youthful maiden,
Spite of her five-and-seventy years.
Bravely she won these white hairs, still
Eating the bread hard toil obtained her,
And laboring truly to fulfil
The duties to which God ordained her.

Once she was young and full of gladness,
She loved and hoped, was wooed and won;
Then came the matron's cares, the sadness
No loving heart on earth may shun.
Three babes she bore her mate; she prayed
Beside his sick bed; he was taken;
She saw him in the church yard laid,
Yet kept her faith and hope unshaken.

The task her little ones of feeding
She met unfaltering from that hour;
She taught them thrift and honest breeding,
Her virtues were their worldly dower.
To seek employment, one by one,
Forth with her blessing they departed,
And she was in the world alone,
Alone and old, but still high-hearted.

With frugal forethought, self-denying,
She gathered coin, and flax she bought,
And many a night her spindle plying,
Good store of fine-spun thread she wrought.
The thread was fashioned in the loom;
She brought it home, and calmly seated
To work, with not a thought of gloom,
Her decent grave clothes she completed.

She looks on them with fond elation,
They are her wealth, her treasure rare,
Her age's pride and consolation,
Hoarded with all a miser's care.
She dons the sark each Sabbath day,
To hear the word that faileth never;
Well pleased she lays it then away,
Till she shall sleep in it forever.

Would that my spirit witness bore me
That, like this woman, I had done
The work my Maker put before me,
Duly from morn till set of sun.
Would that life's cup had been by me
Quaffed in such wise and happy measure,
And that I too might finally
Look on my shroud with such meek pleasure.

Tales of the West.

THE FLATBOATMAN.

BY T. B. THORPE.

Occasionally may be seen on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, singularly hearty-looking men, that puzzle a stranger as to their history and age. Their forms always exhibit a powerful development of muscle and bone; their cheeks are prominent, and you would pronounce them men enjoying perfect health in middle life, were it not for their heads, which, if not bald, will be sparsely covered with steel-gray hair. Another peculiarity about this people is, that they have a singular knowledge of all the places on the river; every bar and bend is spoken of with precision and familiarity; every town is recollected before it was half as large as the present, or no town at all. Innumerable places are marked out where once was an *Indian fight*, or a rendezvous of robbers. The manner, the language, and the dress of these individuals are all characteristic of sterling common sense—the manner modest, yet full of self-reliance; the language strong and forcible, from superiority of mind rather than education; the dress studied for comfort rather than fashion—on the whole, you become attached to them and court their society. The good humor, the frankness, the practical sense, the reminiscences, the powerful frame—all indicate a character, at the present day anomalous; and such indeed is the case, for your acquaintance will be one of the few remaining people now spoken of as the "last of the flatboatmen."

Thirty years ago the navigation of the western waters was confined to this class of men; the obstacles presented to the pursuit in those swift-running and wayward waters had to be overcome by physical force alone; the navigator's arm grew strong as he guided his rude craft past the "snag" and "sawyer," or kept off the no less dreaded "bar." Besides all this, the deep forests that covered the river banks concealed the wild Indian, who gloated over the shedding of blood. The qualities of the frontier warrior associated themselves with the boatmen, while he would, when at home, drop both these characters in the cultivator of the soil. It is no wonder, then, that they were brave, hardy and open-handed men; their whole lives were a round of manly excitement; they were hyperbolical in thought and in deed, when most natural, compared with any other class of men. Their bravery and chivalrous deeds were performed without a herald to proclaim them to the world—they were the mere incident of a border life, considered too common to outlive the time of a passing wonder. Obscurity has nearly obliterated the men and their actions. A few of the former still exist, as if to justify their wonderful exploits, which live now almost exclusively as traditions.

Among the flatboatmen there were none that gained more notoriety than *Mike Fink*. His name is still remembered along the whole of the Ohio as a man who excelled his fellows in every thing—particularly in his rifle-shot, which was acknowledged to be unsurpassed. Probably no man ever lived who could compete with Mike Fink in the latter accomplishment. Strong as Hercules, free from all nervous excitement, possessed of perfect health, and familiar with his weapon from childhood, he raised the rifle to his eye, and, having once taken sight, it was as firmly fixed as if buried in a rock. It was Mike's pride, and he rejoiced on all occasions where he could bring it into use, whether it was turned against the beast of prey or the more savage Indian; and in his day these latter named were the common foe with whom Mike and his associates had to contend. On the occasion that we would particularly introduce Mike to the reader, he had bound himself for awhile to the pursuits of trade, until a voyage from the head-waters of the Ohio, and down the Mississippi could be completed. Heretofore he had kept himself exclusively to the Ohio, but a liberal reward, and some curiosity, prompted him to extend his business character beyond his ordinary habits and inclinations. In accomplishment of this object, he was lolling carelessly over the big "sweep" that guided the "flat" on which he officiated; the current of the river bore the boat swiftly along, and made his labor light; his eye glanced around him, and he broke forth in ecstacies at what he saw and felt. If there is a river in the world that merits the name of beautiful, it is the Ohio, when its channel is

"Without o'erflowing, full."

The scenery is everywhere soft; there are no jutting rocks, no steep banks, no high hills; but the clear and swift current laves beautiful and unadulterated shores, that descend gradually to the water's edge. The foliage is rich and luxuriant, and its outlines in the water are no less distinct than when it is relieved against the sky. Interspersed along its route are islands, as beautiful as ever figured in poetry as the land of the fairies, enchanted spots, indeed, that seem to sit so lightly on the water that you almost expect them, as you approach, to vanish into dreams. So late as when Mr. Fink disturbed the solitudes of the Ohio with his rifle, the canoe of the Indian was hidden in the little recesses along the shore; they moved about in their frail barks like spirits; and clung, in spite of the constant encroachments of civilization, to the places which tradition had designated as the happy places of a favored people.

Wild and uncultivated as Mike appeared, he loved nature, and had a soul that sometimes felt, while admiring it, an exalted enthusiasm. The Ohio was his favorite stream. From where it runs no stronger than a gentle rivulet, to where it mixes with the muddy Mississippi, Mike was as familiar with its meanderings as a child could be with those of a flower-garden. He could not help noticing with sorrow the desecrating hand of improvement as he passed along, and half soliloquising, and half addressing his companions, he broke forth:—"I knew these parts afore a squatter's axe had blazed a tree; 'twasn't then pulling a —— sweep to get a living, but pulling the trigger business. Those were times to see; a man might call himself lucky. What's the use of improvements? When did cutting down trees make deer more plenty? Who ever found wild buffalo or a brave Indian in a city? Where's the fun, the frolicking, the fighting? Gone! Gone! The rifle won't make a man a living now—he must turn nigger and work. If forests continue to be used up, I may yet be smothered in the settlement. Boys, this 'ere life won't do. I'll stick to the broadhorn 'cordin' to contract; but once done with it, I'm off for a frolic. If the Choctaws or Cherokees on the Massassip don't give us a brush as we pass along, I shall grow as poor as a starved wolf in a pitfall. I must, to live peaceably, point my rifle at something more dangerous than varmint. Six months and no fight would spile me worse than a dead horse on a prairie."

Mike ceased speaking. The then beautiful village of Louisville appeared in sight; the labor of landing the boat occupied his attention—the bustle and confusion that followed such an incident ensued, and Mike was his own master by law until his employers ceased trafficking, and again required his services.

At the time we write of, there were a great many renegade Indians who lived about the settlements, and which is still the case in the extreme southwest. These Indians generally are the most degraded of their tribes—outcasts, who, for crime or dissipation, are no longer allowed to associate with their people; they live by hunting or stealing, and spend their precarious gains in intoxication. Among the throng that crowded on the flatboat on his arrival, were a number of these unfortunate beings; they were influenced by no other motives than that of loitering round in idle speculation at what was going on. Mike was attracted towards them at sight; and as he too was in the situation that is deemed most favorable to mischief, it struck him that it was a good opportunity to have a little sport at the Indians' expense. Without ceremony, he gave a terrific whoop; and then mixing the language of the aborigines and his own together, he went on in savage fashion and bragged of his triumphs and victories on the war path, with all the seeming earnestness of a real "brave." Nor were taunting words spared to exasperate the poor creatures, who, perfectly helpless, listened to the tales of their own greatness, and their own shame, until wound up to the highest pitch of impotent exasperation. Mike's companions joined in; thoughtless boys caught the spirit of the affair; and the Indians were goaded until they in turn made battle with their tongues. Then commenced a system of running against them, pulling off their blankets, together with a thousand other indignities; finally they made a precipitate retreat ashore, amid the hooting and jeering of an unfeeling crowd, who considered them poor devils destitute of feeling and humanity. Among this crowd of outcasts was a Cherokee, who bore the name of Proud Joe; what his real cognomen was, no one knew, for he was taciturn, haughty—and, in spite of his poverty and his manner of life, won the name we have mentioned. His face was expressive of talent, but it was furrowed by the most terrible habits of drunkenness. That he was a superior Indian was admitted; and it was also understood that he was banished from his mountain home, his tribe being then numerous and powerful, for some great crime. He was also looked up to by his companions, and managed, however intoxicated he might be to sustain a singularly proud bearing, which did not even depart from him while prostrated on the ground. Joe was filthy in his person and habits—in this respect he was behind his fellows; but one ornament of his person was attended to with a care which would have done honor to him if surrounded by his people, and in his native woods. Joe still wore with Indian dignity his scalp-lock; he ornamented it with taste, and cherished it, as report said, that some Indian messenger of vengeance might tear it from his head, as expiatory of his numerous crimes. Mike noticed this peculiarity, and reaching out his hand, plucked from it a hawk's feather, which was attached to the scalp-lock. The Indian glared horribly on Mike as he consummated the insult, snatched the feather from his hand, then shaking his clenched fist in the air, as if calling on Heaven for revenge, retreated with his friends. Mike saw that he had roused the savage's soul, and he marvelled wonderfully that so much resentment should be exhibited; and as an earnest to Proud Joe that the wrong he had done him should not rest unrevenged, he swore he would cut the scalp-lock off close to his head the first convenient opportunity he got, and then he thought no more about it.

The morning following the arrival of the boat at Louisville was occupied in making preparations to pursue the voyage down the river. Nearly every-thing was completed, and Mike had taken his favorite place at the sweep, when looking up the river bank he beheld at some distance Joe and his companions, and perceived from their gesticulations that they were making him the subject of conversation.

Mike thought instantly of several ways in which he could show them altogether a fair fight, and then whip them with ease; he also reflected with what extreme satisfaction he would enter into the spirit of arrangement, and other matters to him equally pleasing, when all the Indians disappeared, save Joe himself, who stood at times reviving him in moody silence, and then staring round at passing objects. From the peculiarity of Joe's position to Mike, who was below him, his head and upper part of his body relieved boldly against the sky, and in one of his movements he brought his profile face to view. The prominent scalp-lock and its adornments seemed to be more striking than ever, and it again roused the pugnacity of Mike Fink: in an instant he raised his rifle, always loaded at his command, brought it to his eye, and, before he could be prevented, drew sight upon Proud Joe, and fired. The ball whistled loud and shrill, and Joe, springing his whole length into the air, fell upon the ground. The cold-blooded murder was noticed by fifty persons at least, and there arose from the crowd an universal cry of horror and indignation at the bloody deed. Mike himself seemed to be much astonished, and in an instant reloaded his rifle, and as a number of white persons rushed towards the boat, Mike threw aside his coat, and, taking his powder-horn between his teeth, leaped, rifle in hand, into the Ohio, and commenced swimming for the opposite shore. Some bold spirits determined Mike should not so easily escape, and jumping into the only skiff at command, pulled swiftly after him. Mike watched their movements until they came within a hundred yards of him, then turning in the water, he supported himself by his feet alone, and raised his deadly rifle to his eye. Its muzzle, if it spoke hostilely, was as certain to send a messenger of death through one or more of his pursuers, as if it were lightning, and they knew it; dropping their oars and turning pale, they bid Mike not to fire. Mike waved his hand towards the little village of Louisville, and again pursued his way to the opposite shore.

The time consumed by the firing of Mike's rifle, the pursuit, and the abandonment of it, required less time than we have taken to give the details; and in that time, to the astonishment of the gaping crowd around Joe, they saw him rising with a bewildered air; a moment more and he recovered his senses and stood up—*at his feet lay his scalp-lock!* The ball had cut it clean from his head; the cord around the root of it, in which were placed feathers and other ornaments, held it together; the concussion had merley stunned its owner; farther, he had escaped all bodily harm! A cry of exultation rose at the last evidence of the skill of Mike Fink—the exhibition of a shot that established his claim, indisputable, to the eminence he ever afterwards held—the unrivaled marksman of all the flatboatmen of the western waters. Proud Joe had received many insults. He looked upon himself as a degraded, worthless being; and the ignominy heaped upon him he never, except by reply, resented; but this last insult was like seizing the lion by the mane, or a Roman senator by the beard—it roused the slumbering demon within, and made him again thirst to resent his wrongs with an intensity of emotion that can only be felt by an Indian. His eye glared upon the jeering crowd around like a fiend; his chest swelled and heaved until it seemed that he must suffocate. No one noticed this emotion. All were intent upon the exploit that had so singularly deprived Joe of his war-lock; and, smothering his wrath, he retreated to his associates with a consuming fire at his vitals. He was a different man from an hour before; and with that desperate resolution on which a man stakes his all, he swore by the Great Spirit of his forefathers that he would be revenged.

An hour after the disappearance of Joe, both he and Mike Fink were forgotten. The flatboat, which the latter had deserted, was got under way, and dashing through the rapids in the river opposite Louisville, wended on its course. As is customary when nights set in, the boat was securely fastened in some little bend or bay in the shore, where it remained until early morn.

Long before the sun had fairly risen, the boat was again pushed into the stream, and it passed through a valley presenting the greatest possible beauty and freshness of landscape the mind can conceive.

It was spring, and a thousand tints of green developed themselves in the half-formed foliage and bursting buds. The beautiful mallard skimmed across the water, ignorant of the danger of the white man's approach; the splendid spoon-bill decked the shallow places near the shore, while myriads of singing birds filled the air with their unwritten songs. In the far reaches down the river, there occasionally might be seen a bear stepping along the ground as if dainty of its feet, and snuffing the intruder on his wild home, he would retreat into the woods. To enliven all this, to give the picture the look of humanity, there might also be seen, struggling with the floating mists, a column of blue smoke, that came from a fire built on a projecting point of land, around which the current swept rapidly, and carried every thing that floated on the river. The eye of the boatman saw the advantages of the situation which the place rendered to those on shore, to annoy and attack, and as wandering Indians, in those days, did not hesitate to rob, there was much speculation as to what reception the boat would receive from the builders of the fire.

The rifles were all loaded, to be prepared for the worst, and the loss of Mike Fink lamented, as a prospect of a fight presented itself, where he could use his terrible rifle. The boat in the mean time swept round the point; but instead of an enemy, there lay, in profound sleep, Mike Fink, with his feet toasting at the fire; his pillow was a huge bear, that had been shot on the day previous, while at his sides, and scattered in profusion around him, were several deer and wild turkeys. Mike had not been idle. After picking out a place most eligible to notice the passing boat, he had spent his time in hunting, and he was surrounded by trophies of his prowess. The scene that he presented was worthy of the time and the man, and would have thrown Landseer into a delirium of joy, could he have witnessed it. The boat, owing to the swiftness of the current, passed Mike's resting place, although it was pulled strongly to the shore. As Mike's companions came opposite to him, they raised such a shout, half exultation of meeting him, and half to alarm him with the idea that Joe's friends were upon him. Mike, at the sound, sprang to his feet, rifle in hand, and as he looked around, he raised it to his eyes, and by the time he discovered the boat, he was ready to fire. "Down with your shooting-iron, you wild critter," shouted one of the boatmen. Mike dropped the piece, and gave a loud halloo, that echoed among the solitudes like a piece of artillery. The meeting between Mike and his fellows was characteristic. They joked, and jibed him with their rough wit, and he parried it off with a most creditable ingenuity. Mike soon learned the extent of his rifle-shot—he seemed perfectly indifferent to the fact that Proud Joe was not dead. The only sentiment he uttered, was regret that he did not fire at the vagabond's head, and if he hadn't hit it, why, he made the first bad shot in twenty years. The dead game was carried on board of the boat, the adventure was forgotten, and every thing resumed the monotony of floating in a flat-boat down the Ohio.

A month or more elapsed, and Mike had progressed several hundred miles down the Mississippi; his journey had been remarkably free from incident; morning, noon, and night, presented the same banks, and the same muddy water, and sighed to see some broken land, some high hills, and he railed and swore, that he should have been such a fool as to have deserted his favorite Ohio for a river that produced nothing but alligators, and was never at best half finished.

Occasionally, the plentifulness of game put him in spirits, but it did not last long; he wanted more lasting excitement, and declared himself as perfectly miserable and helpless as a wild cat without teeth or claws.

In the vicinity of Natchez rises a few abrupt hills, which tower above the surrounding lowlands of the Mississippi like mountains; they are not high, but from their loneliness and rarity they create sensations of pleasure and awe.

Under the shadow of one of these bluffs, Mike and his associates made the customary preparations to pass the night. Mike's enthusiasm knew no bounds at the sight of land again; he said it was as pleasant as "cold water to a fresh wound;" and, as his spirits rose, he went on making the regions round about, according to his notions, an agreeable residence.

"The Choctaws live in these diggins," said Mike, "and a cursed time they must have of it. Now if I lived in these parts I'd declare war on 'em just to have something to keep me from growing dull; without some such business I'd be as musty as an old swamp moccasin. I could build a cabin on that ar hill yonder that could, from its location, with my rifle, repulse a whole tribe if they came after me. What a beautiful time I'd have of it! I never was particular about what's called a fair fight; I just ask half a chance, and the odds against me, and if I then don't keep clear of snags and sawyers, let me spring a leak and go to the bottom. Its natur that the big fish should eat the little ones. I've seen trout swallow perch, and a cat wou'd come along and swallow the trout, and perhaps, on the Mississippi, the alligators use up the cat, and so on to the end of the row. Well, I will walk tall into varmint and Indian; it's a way I've got, and it comes as natural as grinning to a hyena. I'm a regular tornado, tough as a hickory, and long-winded as a nor'-wester. I can strike a blow like a falling tree, and every lick makes a gap in the crowd that lets in an acre of sunshine. Whew, boys!" shouted Mike, twirling his rifle like a walking-stick around his head, at the ideas suggested in his mind. "Whew, boys! if the Choctaw divils in them ar woods thare would give us a brush, just as I feel now, I'd call them gentlemen. I must fight something, or I'll catch the dry rot—burnt brandy won't save me." Such were some of the expressions which Mike gave utterance to, and in which his companions heartily joined; but they never presumed to be quite equal to Mike, for his bodily prowess, as well as his rifle, were acknowledged to be unsurpassed. These displays of animal spirits generally ended in boxing and wrestling-matches, in which falls were received, and blows were struck without being noticed, that would have destroyed common men. Occasionally angry words and blows were exchanged, but, like the summer storm, the cloud that emitted the lightning purified the air; and when the commotion ceased, the combatants immediately made friends and became more attached to each other than before the cause that interrupted the good feelings occurred. Such were the conversation and amusements of the evening when the boat was moored under the bluffs we have alluded to. As night wore on, one by one of the hardy boatmen fell asleep, some in its confined interior, and others protected by a light covering in the open air. The moon rose in beautiful majesty; her silver light, behind the highlands, gave them a power and theatrical effect as it ascended; and as its silver rays grew perpendicular, they finally kissed gently the summit of the hills, and poured down their full light upon the boat, with almost noonday brilliancy. The silence with which the beautiful changes of darkness and light were produced made it mysterious. It seemed as if some creative power was at work, bringing form and life out of darkness. In the midst of the witchery of this quiet scene, there sounded forth the terrible rifle, and the more terrible war-whoop of the Indians. One of the flatboatmen, asleep on deck, gave a stifled groan, turned upon his face, and with a quivering motion, ceased to live. Not so with his companions—they in an instant, as men accustomed to danger and sudden attacks, sprang ready-armed to their feet; but before they could discover their foes, seven sleek and horribly painted savages leaped from the hill into the boat. The firing of the rifle was useless, and each man singled out a foe and met him with a drawn knife.

The struggle was quick and fearful; and deadly blows were given amid screams and imprecations that rent the air. Yet the voice of Mike Fink could be heard in encouraging shouts above the clamor. "Give it to them, boys!" he cried, "cut their hearts out! choke the dogs! Here's hell a-fire and the river rising!" then clenching with the most powerful of the assailants, he rolled with him upon the deck of the boat. Powerful as Mike was, the Indian seemed nearly a match for him. The two twisted and writhed like serpents—now one seeming to have the advantage, and then the other.

In all this confusion there might occasionally be seen glancing in the moonlight the blade of a knife; but at whom the thrusts were made, or who wielded it, could not be discovered.

The general fight lasted less time than we have taken to describe it. The white men gained the advantage; two of the Indians lay dead upon the boat, and the living, escaping from their antagonists leaped ashore, and before the rifle could be brought to bear they were out of its reach. While Mike was yet struggling with his antagonist, one of his companions cut the boat loose from the shore, and, with powerful exertion, managed to get its bows so far into the current, that it swung round and floated; but before this was accomplished, and before any one interfered with Mike, he was on his feet, covered with blood, and blowing like a porpoise; by the time he could get his breath, he commenced talking. "Ain't been so busy in a long time," said he, turning over his victim with his foot; "that fellow fou't beautifully; if he's a specimen of the Choctaws that live in these parts, they are screamers, the infernal sarpents! the d——d possums!" Talking in this way, he, with others, took a general survey of the killed and wounded. Mike himself was a good deal cut up with the Indian's knife; but he called his wounds blackberry scratches. One of Mike's associates was severely hurt; the rest escaped comparatively harmless. The sacrifice was made at the first fire; for beside the dead Indians, there lay one of the boat's crew, cold and dead, his body perforated with four different balls. That he was the chief object of attack seemed evident, yet no one of his associates knew of his having a single fight with the Indians. The soul of Mike was affected, and, taking the hand of his deceased friend between his own, he raised his bloody knife towards the bright moon, and swore that he would desolate "the nation" that claimed the Indians who made war upon them that night, and turned to his stiffened victim, that, dead as it was, retained the expression of implacable hatred and defiance, he gave a smile of grim satisfaction, and then joined in the general conversation, which the occurrences of the night would naturally suggest. The master of the "broad horn" was a business man, and had often been down the Mississippi. This was the first attack he had received, or knew to have been made from the shores inhabited by the Choctaws, except by the white men, and he, among other things, suggested the keeping of the dead Indians until daylight, that they might have an opportunity to examine their dress and features, and see with certainty who were to blame for the occurrences of the night. The dead boatman was removed with care to a respectable distance; and the living, except the person at the sweep of the boat, were soon buried in profound slumber.

Not until after the rude breakfast was partaken of, and the funeral rites of the dead boatman were solemnly performed, did Mike and his companions disturb the corses of the red-men.

When both these things had been leisurely and gently got through with, there was a different spirit among the men.

Mike was astir, and went about his business with alacrity. He stripped the bloody blanket from the Indian he had killed, as if it enveloped something disgusting, and required no respect. He examined carefully the moccasins on the Indian's feet, pronouncing them at one time Chickasas, at another time, the Shawanese. He stared at the livid face, but could not recognise the style of paint that covered it.

That the Indians were not strictly national in their adornments, was certain, for they were examined by practised eyes, that could have told the nation of the dead, if such had been the case, as readily as a sailor could distinguish a ship by its flag. Mike was evidently puzzled; and as he was about giving up his task as hopeless, the dead body he was examining, from some cause, turned on its side. Mike's eyes distended, as some of his companions observed, "like a choked cat," and became riveted. He drew himself up in a half serious, and half comic expression, and pointing at the back of the dead Indian's head, there was exhibited a dead warrior in his paint, destitute of his scalp-lock, the small stump which was only left, being stiffened with *red paint*. Those who could read Indian symbols learned a volume of deadly resolve in what they saw. The body of Proud Joe was stiff and cold before them.

The last and best shot of Mike Fink cost a brave man his life. The corpse so lately interred, was evidently taken in the moonlight by Proud Joe and his party, as that of Mike's, and they had risked their lives, one and all, that he might with certainty be sacrificed. Nearly a thousand miles of swamp had been threaded, large and swift running rivers had been crossed, hostile tribes passed through by Joe and his friends, that they might revenge the fearful insult, of destroying *without the life*, the sacred scalp-lock.

Ladies' Boudoir.

THE KNIGHT AND THE SQUIRE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.)

His noble Lord the Squire hath slain,
And to pass for a Knight that Squire would fain.

He hath stabbed his Lord in the darksome wood,
And the body sunk deep in the blue Rhine flood.

He hath donned the glittering mail with pride;
On the Knight's good steed he hath mounted to ride.

O'er the wide-arch'd bridge now bravely he'll bound:
But the steed starts back and paws the ground.

With the golden spur he hath touched his flank,
And wildly he's thrown from the river bank.

With hand and with foot he struggles to swim,
But the weighty armor o'erpowers him.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

A French newspaper, published at Lyons, relates the following romantic anecdote:—

A few nights ago, when the wind blew with great violence at Lyons, a gentleman who was walking on one of the wharves, wrapped in a large cloak, and philosophically smoking a cigar, heard at a little distance a piercing cry, and the noise of a heavy body falling into the Rhone. It was in the dead of night. The swollen river roared with fury. The night was dark, and the wharf desolate. Without a thought of danger, and only following the impulse of a generous heart, he threw himself into the waves. He struggled for a long time against fearful perils, and finally regained the shore, after he had been carried some two or three hundred feet by the strength of the current. He deposited on the shore the body of a woman. The brilliancy of the gas lights, enabled him to observe the extreme pallor of her countenance, the disorder of her clothing, and her youth, elegance, and beauty. As we have already said, it was midnight—no assistance was at hand—and where should he convey her at this hour? To whom should he confide a burden, which had already become so precious? But he must decide immediately—and concluded to transport her to his own lodgings, which were not far off. The fire, which two hours before had glowed before a convivial party, burned brightly still. His scruples of delicacy at such a moment were overcome—and by proper assistance she was recovered from her swoon. The next day the pale features of this young lady were slightly tinged with the rose. She related to her deliverer that she had stepped from her carriage in search of the dwelling of a friend, who lived near one of the quays, and while passing along the river's bank her foot had unfortunately slipped, and she had fallen into the river. A fortnight afterwards, the newspapers announced the marriage of M. Edouard, one of the editors of "*La Rhone*," with Madame Adela Derigny, a young widow of Frankfort, whose fortune was estimated at a million sterling!

Our Scrap Book.

A MUSICAL MOUSE.—A mouse says the Portland Advertiser, was caught by Mr. A. Dyer of this town, which seems to have been a prodigy in its way. We have been assured by several persons who heard it, that it could sing with all the melody of the canary, and variety of the mocking bird! This seems to be a strange story, but in the face of the evidence that has come to us, it is difficult to doubt its truth.

Mr. D.'s clerk found the mouse in a trap, which he had set overnight, and was about consigning him to the care of grimalkin, when the little fellow, much to his surprise, commenced singing as for his life. He put him into a cage, and soon found he was very tractable. He would take a bit of cheese, and sitting upon his hind legs like a squirrel, would eat before spectators without the least fear, now and then stopping to amuse them with a display of his vocal powers.

Mr. D. states that he had heard him for two or three months before in the partition, and had been much puzzled to know what it was. He escaped on Friday afternoon, but may still be heard at intervals in the partition. Hundreds of persons visited the shop and heard him.—*Portland Advertiser.*

THE PORTLAND VASE.—An English artist of eminence, to whom this relic of antiquity was committed for restoration after the untimely blow it received from the intoxicated intruder into the British Museum, has expressed a belief that he has discovered the manner of its manufacture, an art supposed to be lost. He thinks that a vessel of fine blue glass of the shape required was first carefully finished, and then dipped into a white, semi-transparent enamel, which was subjected to the action of fire until it had assumed a vitreous hardness. It was then placed in the hands of an artist, who made his design, and finally handed over to the gem engraver, who operated upon it in the same manner as on a cameo. The superfluous white enamel was cleared away, leaving nothing but the original design in bas-relief, on a polished blue ground. The original vase has been restored with so much adroitness, that it is impossible to discover any marks of its broken state. Mr. Doubleday is the successful restorer.

☞ "Mamma, are *all* vessels called *she*?"
"Yes, my dear!"
"Then how are the national ships called men of war?"

THE LABORER'S HYMN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[illegible]

Agricultural.

HOW TO AVOID SICKNESS.

[illegible]

The Family.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

[illegible]

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

[illegible]

Juvenile Department

[illegible]

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

ANSWER TO GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

The Olio.

TO A BELLE WHO IS NOT A BLUE BELLE.

BY E. F. ELLET.

[illegible]

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY,

[illegible]

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA

[illegible]

UMBRELLAS CHEAP.

[illegible]